

Staunton Spectator.

CONSTANS ET LENIS, UT RES EXPOSTULET, ESTO.

STAUNTON, VA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1851.

[Published Weekly—\$2 per Annum.]

NO. VIII.

LYTTLETON WADDELL, Editors & Proprietors.

VOL. XXVIII.

STAUNTON SPECTATOR.

TERMS.

The "SPECTATOR" is published once a week, at Two Dollars a year, if paid in advance, or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents if delayed beyond the expiration of the year. No subscription will be discontinued, but at the option of the Editors, until all arrears are paid.

All communications to the Editors, by mail, must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

Advertisements of twelve lines (or less), inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent continuance. Larger advertisements at the same proportion. A liberal discount made to advertisers by the year.



POETRY.

THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Tears, like tears, I know not what they mean;
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Free as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends upon the under world,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark Summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened day,
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly glows a gleaming square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those that hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

MISCELLANY.

THE CREDIT SYSTEM.

BY MRS. SARAH B. HARRIS.

"How dreadfully late you are, my dear," said Mrs. Grayson, the wife of the printer, as he entered his own door at half past eleven at night. "I have watched and waited for you so long, that I began to feel uneasy."

"Unhappy—I should think you would have become accustomed to irregular hours by this time," replied he, seating himself upon the chair she had handed with a sigh.

"You are worried out," said his wife mournfully, as he pressed his hand to his throbbing temples, "you are working yourself to death, and what is it for I cannot conceive."

"I wonder how I can help it," he replied, in that despondent tone which proclaims one miserable alike, both in body and mind. "I am half dead with fatigue, that is true, but there is no remedy which I can perceive, for with all my efforts I am behind, and have been utterly unable to get the paper out to day."

"The job of advertising you did yesterday, I presume is the cause of your being so late," said she. "Pray what did Mr. Q. pay you for it—five dollars was it not?"

"Yes, but he said I must trust him awhile, as money was so scarce."

"Did you ever hear anything like it?" cried Mrs. G. indignantly—"money so scarce! why this is the true and every from one end of the country to the other. I wonder how the people think a printer is to keep up the expense of his office—type, ink, paper, fuel, rent, workmen—and support his family, if every human being thinks the plea, 'Money is so scarce,' a sufficient excuse for defaulting him of his honest dues?"

"Defrauding is a hard word," answered the husband, musingly, "and yet to put a man off with promises, and perhaps never pay at all unless compelled, seems very like it. Did Mr. U. bring grain to day?" he inquired, suddenly changing this unpleasant subject.

"No, I saw him hauling a load to Mr. —'s, but he brought none here. You were in hopes that advertising for necessities would have the desired effect, but you see there is nothing more easy than to be mistaken."

"I think I was mistaken when I selected my occupation," resumed the printer, bitterly. "Half the talent and energy (not to mention labor) expended in any other pursuit, would have placed me, ere this, on the high road to independence. My life is one of never ending drudgery, and yet how little do those of our patrons who are rolling in wealth ever reflect on the printer's actual wants—his small privations, or the shifts he is obliged to resort to on account of their want of punctuality in making payments. But I must not sit here talking all night, as I shall be obliged to arise betimes in the morning, in order to get the paper out as early as possible."

"I wonder what the reason the paper don't come?" said old Squire Burley, the Crassus of the village of N., as he sat tossing his feet on the polished fender before a huge fire. "It is pretty near tea time, and it seems so fast that he is not getting abroad. I wonder what that lazy editor can be about to-day?"

"That is the twentieth time this afternoon you have wondered the same thing, father," said his daughter Hester, who sat at the window occupied with her worsted work. "I never knew that a newspaper was so essential to your comfort."

"Essential to my comfort, Miss?" repeated the Squire, turning towards her with some asperity. "I wonder who ever said that it was! There is some difference in a thing's being essential to your comfort, and being punctual yourself and a lover of punctuality in others."

"Just so I think, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Burley, speaking from the depths of a cushioned chair, where she sat like comfort embodied, her feet half buried in the tufted flowers of the stool which supported them, and partially covered over her knitting work. "Just so I think if a person don't get a thing when they look for it, they don't want it at all, and as the paper is very irregular, if I were you I would stop it. There is Mr. M. takes several city papers; you can borrow them, I dare say, when he gets through with reading them."

"I believe I will," said the Squire, beating the Devil's Tattoo with his foot, "there is no use in putting up with everything."

"I hope you won't stop it for such a trifling reason, father," cried Hester with a pleading voice—"why we could get no local intelligence whatever; and how do you know but Mr. Grayson or some of his family are ill, that he has been unable to get out to-day? Poor man, he looks as though he had the consumption already, standing over his case as he does, and in my opinion no man can be more industrious and try harder to do his duty. Printers have a hard lot of it at any time—a life of ceaseless slavery, with little thanks and less pay."

"People are not expected to thank and pay both, my dear," observed Mrs. Burley, with a smile of self-satisfaction.

"Father, have you paid Mr. Grayson regularly?" asked Hester, with a mischievous glance directed towards her parent.

"Me," said the Squire slightly blushing, and fidgeting on his chair, "I don't know as I have. He hasn't been printing but three or four years, and he never asked me for it but once or twice, and I didn't happen to have the change at the time—however, I shall go up and pay him off and stop the paper to-morrow morning."

"Makes countless thousands mourn,"

repeated Hester slowly. "Pardon me, my dear father," she continued more quickly, as she noticed his rising anger, "pray allow me a few words—these are these: I do not think those persons, possessed as you are of wealth and many sources of comfort and happiness, can sympathize sufficiently with one in Mr. Grayson's situation. See how he is tied down with his occupation—what heavy expenses he is obliged to incur—and what care, attention, what great mental exertion it requires to cater for the tastes of his hundreds of readers—and this attention whether inclined or not is continual. The poor editor is allowed no respite; holidays and seasons of enjoyment may come to all but to him, for the public are like the daughters of the house-leech, the whole cry is 'Give! Give!' and the slightest omission of what they suppose to be the duty on his part—a single exhibition of the frailty to which he as well as all others are subject—or the most trifling failure in what they consider the terms of agreement, is followed by an immediate withdrawal of patronage; and while his wants are totally disregarded, their portion of the contract is broken with the greatest impunity. Patrons would do well, it seems to me, to consider that the obligation is mutual. A good newspaper is worth to any family treble the sum usually paid for it, and the editor who is wearing out his existence in the effort to instruct, interest and amuse his readers, is in every way worthy of a support liberally and promptly bestowed."

"I guess you must be thinking of taking one of the craft yourself or you would not defend them so warmly," said the Squire, quite restored to good humor as he looked at his graceful child, and rather pleased than otherwise at the fluency of her language—"but as we have already had a summons to tea, suppose we adjourn to the supper table."

"They certainly are the victims of the greatest possible injustice," continued Hester as she arose to follow after—"I recollect reading a notice in a country paper the other day, where the editor says, 'We are out of every thing—bring what you please in the way of payment, for nothing can come amiss.' Yet I dare affirm, the most intelligent among those subscribers would be the first to cry out if their particular tastes and wishes were not consulted, and to throw up the paper for any cause however trifling. The best method in my opinion for obtaining a good paper, and for insuring punctuality, is for all interested in its success to fulfill at a proper time their part of the obligation. Let each one at a stated period pay his subscription—his item of the means necessary to bring about a result so desirable and my word for it, the printer would not be weighed in the balance and found wanting."

PETER FRANCISCO.

It is the misfortune of the rank and file of an army that, while they do all the hard fighting and encounter the greatest perils of the battle field, they receive the smallest portion of the glory and applause which follow victory. They have the lion's share of danger, and their officers the lion's share of renown. Sometimes, however, there is among the humble ranks of the private soldiers an individual whose peculiar powers and soldierly and physical qualities shine out from the multitude and rivet upon him the attention and admiration of his countrymen. The eye of the world then passes by the glittering groups of Generals and Colonels, and fixes upon this hero of nature, in his plain attire, and with his countenance blackened by the smoke and dust of battle, yet whose valiant spirit irradiates the most doubtful strife and exalts the humblest soldier.

Such a man was Peter Francisco, a man who, in extraordinary physical strength, lion-like courage and gentleness of disposition, was one of the most remarkable of the Revolutionary warriors of Virginia. We could easily fill this journal with anecdotes illustrating his character and prowess, but our limits forbid more than a brief sketch of the history of one who at least deserves not to be forgotten.

Peter Francisco did not remember, if he ever knew, his native country. Returning one evening from school, (in his native land, wherever that may have been,) when five years of age, together with his sister and two other children, a boy and girl, they passed near the sea shore. A vessel lay at anchor a short distance from the coast. Several sailors were just landing in a small boat. Francisco stopped to admire the white sails of the vessel; his sister, alarmed at the presence of the sailors, ran home, begging him to follow her. The sailors noticed him and two of his companions on board the vessel, and they were not permitted to return. They were brought to this country, and Francisco was sold (until 21 years old) to a man named Wright, who lived at the place known as Rain's Tavern, in Cumberland county. He was seventeen years of age when the war with Great Britain commenced, and felt a very strong desire to join Gen. Washington's army. Col. Anthony Winston, of Buckingham, taking an interest in the patriotic and courageous youth, brought him into the army, and told him of a career, in the course of which we believe it is no exaggeration to say that he performed more actual service than any twelve of the other patriots of the Revolution. At the burning of Stony Point, perhaps the most dangerous and desperate achievement of the Revolutionary war, he was the first man who entered the fortress after Major Gibson, on which occasion he received a bayonet wound in the thigh. He was at Brandywine, Monmouth, and other battles at the North, and fought heroically under Green in the South, where he was engaged in the actions of the Cowpens, Camden, Guilford Court House, &c. Probably no soldier of the Revolution was in more battles, and served his country more frequently at the cannon's mouth, than Peter Francisco.

The man himself was a perfect Hercules in strength, and in a hand to hand combat was perfectly invincible. His stature was six feet and ten inches; he weighed 250 pounds; his complexion dark and swarthy; his hands and feet uncommonly large. He wielded a sword six feet in length. That sword in the front of the light like a meteor, bearing down before it. Francisco wielded it with as much ease and efficiency as ever did Richard of the Lion Heart his famous battle-axe.

Some of the anecdotes of his personal strength and achievements would be absolutely incredible, but for the unquestionable authority upon which they are founded. On one occasion, when on a visit to Richmond to purchase a barrel of wine, the merchant said he might have the barrel if he would raise it and drink from it. Francisco raised it with ease, and drank from the bung hole. On another occasion, a noted bully, who had heard of his great strength, rode all the way from Kentucky to match himself against him in a personal encounter. Francisco, who was a man of eminently pacific disposition, endeavored to dissuade the bully from his purpose; but finding him determined, he raised him from the ground, as if he had been a feather, and put him over the fence. The man picked himself up, and requested Mr. Francisco to put his horse over after him.

No sooner said than done! The horse followed the master and by the same means. Francisco never struck a man but once with his clenched fist. This was on an occasion when he was attacked by three ruffians, whom he picked up in a heap together, striking one of them and breaking his jaw-bone. It is stated in Howe's History of Virginia, that "such was his personal strength, that he could easily shoulder a cannon weighing 1100 pounds; and our informant, a highly respectable gentleman now residing in Buckingham, in a communication before us, says: 'He could take me in his right hand and pass over the room with me, and play my head against the ceiling, as though I had been a doll-baby. My weight was 195 pounds.' Imagine such a Samson as this in the front of a battle, waving his six feet sword!"

The following anecdote, illustrative of Francisco's valor, has often been published:—

While the British army were spreading havoc and desolation all around them, by their plunderings and burnings in Virginia, in 1781, Francisco had been reconnoitering, and while stopping at the house of a Mr. —, then in Amelia, now Nuttaway county, nine of Tarleton's cavalry came up with three negroes, and told him they were his prisoners. Seeing he was overpowered by numbers, he made no resistance. Believing him to be very peaceable, they all went into the house, leaving him and the paymaster together—"Give up instantly all that you possess of value," said the latter, "or prepare to die." "I have nothing to give up," said Francisco, "so use your pleasure." "Deliver instantly," rejoined the soldier, "those massy silver buckles which you wear in your shoes." "They were a present from a valued friend," replied Francisco, "and it would grieve me to part with them. Give them into your hands I never will. You have the power; take them if you think fit." The soldier put his sabre under his arm, and bent down to take them. Francisco, finding so favorable an opportunity to recover his liberty, stepped one pace in his rear, drew the sword with force from under his arm, and instantly gave him a blow across the skull. "My enemy," observed Francisco, "was brave, and though severely wounded, drew a pistol, and, in the same moment that he pulled the trigger, I cut his hand nearly off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben — (the man of the house) very generously brought a musket, and gave it to one of the British soldiers, and told him to make use of that. He mounted the only horse they could get, and presented it at my breast. It missed fire—I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A short struggle ensued. I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's troop of four hundred men were in sight. All was hurry and confusion, which increased by repeatedly hallooing as loud as I could, 'Come on my brave boys; now's your time: we will soon dispatch these few, and then attack the main body!' The wounded man flew to the troop; the others were panic-struck and fled. I seized Ben —, and would have dispatched him, but the poor wretch begged for his life; he was not only an object of my contempt, but pity. The eight horses that were left behind I gave him to conceal for me. Discovering Tarleton had dispatched ten more in pursuit of me I made off. I leaved their vigilance. They stopped to refresh themselves. I, like an old fox, doubled and fell on their rear. I went the next day to Ben —, for my horse; he demanded two for his trouble and generous intentions. Finding my situation dangerous, and surrounded by enemies where I ought to have found friends, I went off with my six horses. I intended to have avenged myself of —, at a future day, but Providence ordained I should not be his executioner, for he broke his neck by a fall from one of the very horses!"

Mr. Francisco, in the year 18—, was elected Sergeant-at-arms of the Virginia House of Delegates. He died in the year 1831, and was buried in the Shocke Hill burying Ground. No stone marks the place of his grave, but the rank grass waves luxuriantly over the ashes of the most extraordinary soldier and man among the rank and file of the American Revolutionary Army! How such a prodigy of prowess and strength would have delighted the eye of Napoleon! He would have placed Peter at the head of his grenadiers; he would have covered him all over with stars and orders of merit; and, if he had fallen he would have commemorated his fame with the title bestowed upon one who was not superior in valor to Peter Francisco—"Brave of the Brave"—Rich. Republican.

A PET BLACKBIRD.—The pretty cottage of Mr. Thompson, merchant, Gathouse, which stands on a hill-side, at the entrance of the town, presents many attractions, the most curious of which, perhaps, is a pet blackbird. It was taken from the parent nest upwards of a year ago, and readily became domesticated and familiar with children in the house. Whilst quite content with town life and intercourse the young bird did not relinquish its love for the country and converse with the feathered species. It was still a "wildling of nature," with a strong yearning towards the woods, which it indulges daily, and has done so for months. Not being confined within the limits of a cage, it is free to rove at large, and has notableness its liberty. Every morning it leaves its home in the cottage for the princely bowers of Cally, and there, at the distance of a mile or more, it may be heard pouring forth its delicious tide of song. Scarcely has the sound died away, till the whirling of its wings indicates its return; for breakfast is on the table, and "blacky" does not wish to be behind. On such occasions, the bird enters the window or door, with the most perfect assurance just as if the house was his own, and every thing in it, set upon the table, hops from dish to dish, and helps itself according to fancy.

After satisfying its appetite, it generally remains awhile, gambling with the children; and if it flies off before dinner, it is sure to be back ere the second meal is dispatched, in order to get its share; and, what is very remarkable, it has a penchant for raw meat. In the matter of bread and butter, also, it is quite at home, and thinks nothing at all of running off with a slice of the latter commodity, if fresh; for Mr. Blackbird's palate is still so unsophisticated as not to covet salt. Its nocturnal roost is on the kitchen chimney-piece, and we understand, by the regular hours he keeps, that he is quite a pattern for young lodgers. The bird is, on all these accounts, a great favorite with the family, and is certainly a pretty creature, as well as a curious one. We saw it one night last week on its accustomed perch, and next morning again half a mile off on the boundary wall of Cally estate, had no difficulty in recognizing the feathered favorite, by its shape, familiarity, and intellectual air. It had, we dare say, discernment enough to see that we were eyeing it intently, and, as if aware of our design, waited long enough for us to "take notes" regarding its demeanor, so as to be able to identify it. It then flew over the wall, and handsomely repaid us with "notes" of its own. Of late it has been seen in the company of another blackbird, and we hope to hear of them both popping in some fine morning to breakfast—blacky having first begged leave to introduce his mate as "one of the family"—a permission which we are sure would be willingly accorded to.—Dumfries Journal.

KISSES.—The ladies of Troy have introduced a new feature at their fairs, from which they realize a much handsomer sum than from lotteries, viz. that of selling their confectiory to gentlemen, young and old. All the best looking girls wear placards, "Kisses one shilling each;" some carrying a "quarter of a dollar," and others six cents, according to the beauty of those in the market. Gentlemen are expected to go in according to the weight of their purses, and one of the newspapers in that village says that one ruddy-lipped, bright-eyed girl realized sixty-two dollars in a single night; and another pair, nine dollars and a half. One gentleman purchased eleven dollars worth of sweetmeats.—Athens Knicker.

STRANGE AND ROMANTIC LAWSUIT.

Paris is certainly the greatest place in the world for curious affairs in every department of life. The following curious incident, of recent occurrence, does credit to the inventive genius of Alexander Dumas, and will remind our readers of the exciting romance of the Greek girl in the Count of Monte Christo:—

"Some years ago, one of the most distinguished savants of the Palais de l'Institut, who has devoted to scientific travel nearly the whole of his life, on returning from one of these distant voyages, brought with him to Paris a young Greek girl, about 11 or 12 years of age.

"One day, while at Constantinople, passing by one of the bazaars, he entered, by curiosity, in the midst of a group of women and children, exposed for sale; he saw a beautiful girl, whose youth, grace and beauty interested him. His heart became so deeply interested in the young girl that he resolved to rescue her from the dark fate which awaited her. He called upon the slave-dealer and asked the price. As she was of the best race, and of brilliant beauty, nothing less than two hundred sequins could purchase her. This he paid, and in a few days embarked for France with his rare young beauty. Shortly after his arrival here, the young Albanian was placed in the celebrated school of the *Académie de l'Enseignement*, where the best masters are employed; nothing was spared to render her education as brilliant and accomplished as possible. For six years the young girl remained under the *Seurs* of the Convent and so gifted was she by nature, that in six years she became an accomplished *Parisienne*. During all this time the *savant* had not been idle; his name had become justly celebrated; several kings had decorated him, several academies had elected him their member. His cup of happiness was nearly full. There was wanting but one thing to crown it—a wife. Naturally, his thoughts turned towards his young Albanian—his property, upon whom he had spent so much money. Would not an alliance with an honorable family, a distinguished man, be another benefice to the poor slave? She was now eighteen years old. The *savant* took her from the convent to his house, and told her of his plans, which she received as every well-educated lady, with a blush on her cheek and a tear in her eye, while her reply was such as became a grateful heart. The *savant* was happy and the wedding was appointed. At this time the *savant* received a mission from the government which was to last but five or six weeks, which he could not decline. The young girl was sent, during his absence, to reside with a friend of his, a *comtesse*, who lives during the summer in a magnificent chateau on the banks of the Loire. During the summer the *comtesse* received a large number of visitors, to amuse whom she gave ball parties, and *fêtes champêtres* every day. The young Albanian had great success among the *lions*, and was the object of their most devout attentions. The *savant*, on his return, hastened to the chateau to see his betrothed. The *comtesse* was astonished, for the betrothed had disappeared, no one knew whither. Who shall recount the despair of the lover of fifty? The dandies of the *chateau* were desolated at this victory of one of their rivals, and that the *salons de la belle vie*, as Bussy Rabutin calls Paris, should not see the *début* of the Grecian beauty. The police was called in, but this was a useless expense, as in a short time the betrothed *savant* learned that his beautiful *portugese* was the wife of *M. le Vicomte de La C.*, and that he will have the pleasure of seeing her this winter the *belle de Paris*. Alas! for the philosophy of the *Institut*. *Savants* are not always philosophers—at least in practice. The owner of the fair *Vicomtesse*, furious at the winking, stealing and carrying away of his slave, has brought an action against the *Vicomte* for the price of his wife, and the costs and charges of her education, amounting to an alarming sum total. The *Vicomte* has offered to compromise, or to refer the matter to arbitrators, but the *savant* will not agree to any thing less than the original sum total. So, according to the wall-flowers we are to have before the court this famous cause, for an amount which the *Vicomte de La C.* calls a real doctor's bill.

PHENOMENA OF DEATH.—To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect. On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William Prince, of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of the face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles the XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probably that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show with what slight distance life may go on under a mortal wound till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his hearty thanks, mentioning that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out, from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance, extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived, pale and faint, at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with a feeble utterance, "and yet I should like very much to live a little longer, if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if it had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sank dead upon the turf."—Quarterly Review.

I stained the roots of my finger nails on the first of last August, to find out the exact time a healthy nail took from its growth, to find out how often a man changed his finger nails. On the 14th of this month all the old nails had disappeared—thus I took exactly four months and fifteen days to form new nails. Allowing this period to be the average time for the complete renewal of the human nails, a man who lives to 70 years has had each nail renewed 126 times—in other words, he wears out 1260 nails in 70 years. In the four and a half months I could distinguish no difference in the periods of formation—the growth was gradual and systematic, from week to week without variation. I stained the nails with corrosive sublimate; the color was tawny, and was not the least affected with all its numerous washings and exposure to the air. My occupation is sedentary; the nails may grow faster on some and slower on other individuals, according to their constitutions, or the particular occupations in which they may be engaged.—Scientific American.

PRESENT STATE OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society, the Secretary read a memoir by Captain J. T. Newbold, on the present condition of the seven Churches of Asia, mentioned in the revelation, which the writer has recently visited. He observes that the history of these interesting localities is well known; but their present condition has been little adverted to.

He begins his account with the church of Ephesus; the first mentioned by St. John, and that which still maintains its ecclesiastical superiority in giving a title to the Greek Archbishop while others have only Bishoprics. The port of Ephesus is now choked up by a pestiferous morass, and lonely walls, tenanted only by the jackals, occupy the site of the once populous city. The village of Ayasoluk stands a mile from the ruins, and contains about forty scattered cottages, one only tenanted by a Christian. The mosque of the village contains only four granite columns, said to have belonged to the Temple of Diana, whose ruins are still visible near the port. The mosque is in decay, like the Christian church, and everything appears to be in the last stage of dissolution. Captain Newbold noticed that some of the granite which formed part of the ancient temple had exfoliated, evidently from extreme heat, and he suggested that this might have happened when the temple was consumed by fire.

Smyrna, the most flourishing of the whole, is an increasing city. Its population, which twenty years ago was about 7,000, is now 13,000, and is rapidly increasing. There are five Greek, three Latin and two Protestant churches. The Greeks have numerous schools, and the Latins a college; but the Protestant schools have failed. The Greek church at Smyrna continues in a flourishing condition.

Pergamos is the most prosperous of the churches, after Smyrna. The population is 16,000 of whom 14,000 are Turks, and nearly all the rest Christians. The Christian quarter contains two Greek churches and one Armenian.

Close to the ancient church, Capt. Newbold found a Greek school, where the pupils were seated on marble tombstones which formed the pavement of the school. He gives copies of three of the inscriptions there, none of which have hitherto been published.

Thyatira is still a flourishing town. It had been lost to the Christian world from the fall of Constantinople, under the Turkish name of Alkhisar, until brought to light in the seventeenth century. The population is about 19,000, of whom 2,000 are Greeks, and 12,000 Armenians, each having a church; the former said to be on the site of the apocalyptic church. Capt. Newbold copied several inscriptions there.

Sardis, the ancient capital of Croesus, is now more desolate than Ephesus. Scarcely a house remains. The melancholy Gyrocee lake, the swampy plain of the Hermus, and the thousand mounds forming the necropolis of the Lydian monarchies, among which rises conspicuously the famed tumulus of Alyattes, produce a scene of gloomy solemnity. Massive ruins of buildings still remain, the wall of which is made up of sculptured pieces of Corinthian Ionic columns that once formed portions of the ancient Parthenon. The Parthenon, famed for its golden sandals, contains no gold, but the sparkling grains of mica, with which the sand abounds, have probably originated the epithet. Captain Newbold suggests that the singular tumuli of Sardis deserves to be opened, and recommends the subject to the attention of the society.

Philadelphia has a population of 10,000 Turks, and 3,000 Greeks. It contains twenty-five churches, all small and mean, but containing fragments of ancient sculptures. A massive ruin was pointed out as the church of the apocryphal.

Laodice, whose fate had been forgotten for centuries, was brought to light in the seventeenth century. It was, and is, a mass of desolate ruins. The hills on which it stands have been supposed to be volcanic, but erroneously. They are composed of aqueous beds, chiefly limestone.—Church of England Magazine.

IMPROVING THE PSALMS.—Our chorister, (says the Bloomfield correspondent of the Newark Advertiser, U. S.) set some music of his own to one of the psalms of Watts, in which occur these lines:—

"Oh may my heart in tune be found,

Like David's harp, of solemn sound."

Calling on his pastor, the chorister asked his approbation of a new version of these lines, which he thought more readily adapted to the music he had composed. He suggested to read—

"Oh may my heart be tuned within,

Like David's sacred violin!"

The good pastor had some internal tendencies to laugh in the singing man's face, but maintaining his gravity as well as he could, he said that he thought he could improve the improved version—

"Oh may my heart go diddle, diddle,

Like uncle David's sacred fiddle!"

The poor reader, after a vain attempt to defend his own parody, retired, and I guess he will still sing the psalm as it stands.

IN London and suburbs there are 65 Ragged Schools, attended by more than 10,000 children taught by nearly 1,400 unpaid teachers. The majority of them are open during the week as well as on Sunday, where vagrant children are fed and partly clothed, and taught either in the day or evening. Connected with them are "industrial classes," in which young men are instructed in the trades during the evening.

"The best and most conclusive reason for an effect that I ever remember to have heard, (writes a western correspondent), was given by a 'one idea' Dutchman, in reply to a friend who remarked:—

"Why, Hans, you have the most feminine cast of countenance I have ever seen."

"Oh, yaw," was the reply, "I know de reason for dat; mine madder was a woman!"

THE young and beautiful Countess Dembenki who came to this country in July last, with her husband, who is now honestly and nobly supporting himself by selling scraps in Nassau street, next door to the office of the Evening Post, was born the Princess Casaritska.

SINGULAR TEST.—There is a curious ordeal in India, which shows the action of fear upon the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed, the suspected persons are got together, and each is required to keep a quantity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then put it out again, and with the greatest certainty, the man who had done the deed put it out most dry, in consequence of the fear of his rival keeping back the saliva.—English Paper.

RATHER BITTER.—A bachelor's reply to a young lady who significantly sent him, as a present, some wormwood:—

"I'm glad your gift is not a Miss;
Much worse might be befal;
The wormwood's bad alone, but worse
The wormwood and the gal!"

If woman knew their power and wished to exert it, they would always show sweetness of temper, for then they are irresistible.

AGRICULTURAL—SCIENTIFIC.

AGRICULTURAL GEOLOGY—NO. 3.

Rocks are the oxides of metals. Silix, the most abundant ingredient in rocks, mountains, and soils, is the oxide of silicon. This oxide constitutes nearly one-half of the solid matter of our globe. It is the principal element of quartz, in all its varieties, which are exceedingly numerous, and some of them very beautiful. Quartz is the only mineral found everywhere. Sand is pulverized quartz. Pebbles are fragments of quartz, rounded by attrition. Gneiss is quartz, breaking with a conchoidal (shell like) fracture. Jasper is red quartz, with a fine compact texture. Amethyst is purple quartz, frequently found in six-sided crystals, which is the common shape of quartz crystals in its different varieties. Agate is clouded quartz, in numerous varieties, some of which are much used for watch-seals, finger-rings, breast-pins, and other ornaments. Carnelian is quartz of a fine texture and of a yellowish red color. Chalcedony, bloodstone, cat's paw, and many other gems are varieties of quartz.

Most, perhaps all the gems used in the breast-plate of Aaron, the high priest, were quartz of different textures, colors, and hues. The precious stones presented by the Queen of Sheba to the King of Israel were probably quartz. The stones mentioned in the Book of Revelations as forming the streets of the New Jerusalem, with all the gems referred to, were but varieties of the stones used for paving our streets, and of the earth moved by the plough and the hoe of the farmer, and of the dirt carried for filling our docks.

The coloring matter giving most of the beautiful hues to gems and an endless variety of colors to quartz is the oxide of iron. The oxide of silicon and the oxide of iron are hence united in this same most abundant mineral in the world.

Next to quartz, feldspar, or clay formed by the decomposition of feldspar, is the most abundant element of soils. This too, is composed of several oxides of metals in chemical combination. Feldspar is also very extensively united with quartz in the formation of rocks, not by chemical combination, but mechanical mixture. The feldspar and quartz can be separated by the hammer. Not so with the oxygen and silicon, forming silix. Chemical agency alone can separate chemical combinations. Such combinations in rocks, soils, and other mineral bodies are exceedingly numerous, complicated, and delicate. The most common stone that meets the eye in any part of the world is composed of two oxides. The oxygen and the metals are each united by chemical affinity, and then the two oxides are again combined by the same agency to form a "common stone," evidently worthy of more respect than it commonly receives.

An experiment: Pour upon a little pearlash in a tumbler some strong vinegar. An effervescence will follow, producing carbonic acid. A burning candle immersed will be extinguished, showing that carbonic acid is fatal to combustion. It is equally so to life.—Josiah Holbrook.

LITHOGRAPHY.—Lithography is the art of printing from stone. This process is based upon the fact that printing ink, being largely composed of oil, will not adhere to any surface which is wet with water. Every one knows how utterly impossible it is to mix oil and water.

To lithograph, then, all that is necessary is to draw on a smooth surface of a dry stone with a greasy crayon, whatever is desired to be printed. A weak solution of nitric acid is then rubbed over the stone, which fastens the drawing so that it cannot be rubbed off. After this, a solution of gum-arabic is passed over the surface, and then the stone is ready for printing.

By means of a sponge, water is now rubbed on the stone, and while yet wet the ink is rolled on. The ink of course adheres to the lines of the drawing, because they are oily, but to the wet stone it does not stick. The paper is